

# Hazel Green Herald.

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HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

## TALKING AT THE GATE.

Blithe Tom and Sue went walking, went walking down the lane,  
With guarded words while talking, while talking in refrain:  
The sun was gently sinking, sinking slowly out of sight,  
The evening stars came blinking, came blinking on the night.

The birds had ceased their singing, their singing for the day,  
The evening air was ringing, with ringing melody  
Of insect life and humming, of humming soft and low,  
The moonlight slowly coming, coming on with silvery flow.

The twilight dews were falling, were falling far and near,  
The whip-poor-wills were calling, calling sad and low, yet clear:  
The flowers were gently sleeping, sleeping with fragrant breath,  
Their virgins closely keeping, keeping semblance faint of death.

The brook kept up its singing, flinging light spray as it went  
Adown the hillside singing, singing songs of sweet content,  
In its chorused voice of gladness, of gladness and glee,  
From its woodland shades of sadness, to sadness nevermore.

Thus Tom and Sue together, together down the lane,  
Regardless of the weather, the weather, wind or rain,  
Walked side by side, quite slowly, slowly crossing o'er the stile,  
With voice tones sweet and lowly, sweet and lowly all the while.

The hours grew long and longer, grew longer as they sped,  
And the falling dews spun stronger, still stronger gauzy thread,  
When Tom and Sue, returning, returning up the lane,  
Found the light of love still burning, and burning bright again.

Where late it had been darkened, darkened and almost out,  
To Dame Gossip they had hearkened, hearkened full of doubt;  
But the twain anew went roving, went roving down the lane,  
And talking of love and loving, of loving and of pain.

Their former life reviewing, reviewing under breath,  
Their vows of old renewing, renewing unto death,  
So Tom and Sue went walking, went walking to their fate,  
And betrothal came while talking, while talking at the gate.

—Clark W. Bryan, in Good Housekeeping.



BY T. C. DE LEON.

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CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"Bitter, hard as you are," the man answered, calmly, but with laboring breast, "your pride will ruin all. Miss Clay, by every memory of the past—by the grave of my dead mother—I swear I speak the truth. In the corpse yonder stands my horse. The sentry is—powerless. An hour's ride brings you to roads you know; sunrise sees you safe with confederate cavalry. By my soul, I swear I speak only truth."

"And did I trust you?"  
"Yes, I know," he interrupted, eagerly, almost happily. "If you do, it is not that you hate—despite me less, but that you *must* use such vile means for the cause! Will you come?"

Again he extended his hand, entreating. Again the woman drew back with a shudder.

"Oh, God! Dare I trust this man?" burst from her lips in half sob.

"You can!" he whispered, eagerly. "You can trust me as you could Evan, for your own sake—for your cause—for little Fairfax!"

"You know?" She stared at him.

"Yes, I know," he hesitated an instant, adding, almost fiercely: "It is the spy's business—the traitor's—to know all. Poor little Fairfax!"—again his voice softened to infinite tenderness—"he will die—you will murder him—unless you use these means to save. An hour's ride, and you are free, safe among friends."

With something like a sob he finished, raising his hand to push the damp hair back from his forehead. The embers flickered into blaze again, throwing full light upon his face, and the woman,—hesitant till then—again drew back, shuddering.

"An omen!" she cried. "That scar—Cain's brand upon your forehead—warns me not to trust the traitor!"

He stared at her wondering.

"Hypocrite!" she answered to the look, "I too know all—the swift confederate brand upon you—Capt. Charlton's bullet marked—"

"Charlton!"  
A great amaze made his face blank an instant. Then the name passed his lips, low, vengeful as a curse. His breast rose and fell, as he dashed his hat to his head, striding one step towards her.

"Obstinate, relentless!" he said, rapidly, in hollow voice. "Will you prove selfish as well? Carolyn Clay, I have said what man dare say. Did I say one word more,—did I convince you,—then I should despise myself as you despise me! I have solemnly sworn to save you, at risk of—of all that is left to me,—at risk of losing what a girl like you could never dream! A moment more, the relief comes, and all is lost; for I swear I

will not leave this hut alone! No; do not answer; there is no time. If your own honor is at stake,—if your mother's heart is broken,—if little Fairfax dies for want of remedies his prideful sister might have won him,—then I call God to witness that the sin is on your head!"

The woman's bosom rose and fell; words rushing to her lips died upon them; she heard her own heart beating thunderous in her throat.

"Come! For the sake of all dear to you,—cause, mother, brother,—come!" the man pleaded. "Vile, despicable as I am in your eyes, let me atone in part, by saving you—and Fairfax."

The sob so close to Carolyn Clay's lips burst through them. A great joy gleamed in the deep eyes of the traitor Virginian; and again—with obsecration



"HYPOCRITE!" SHE ANSWERED TO THE LOOK, "I TOO, KNOW ALL—"

piteous in its meekness—he held out his hand.

With bowed head, but quick gesture of dissent, the woman withdrew her own, half extended to take it; but she pointed to the door, without a word.

Into the blinding drifts of snow, whirling and eddying now in the colder wind, passed those two, he carefully closing the door, to hide all gleam from within. A few paces through the soft white carpet, then the woman drew back shivering, with what had been a cry, but for his warning hand upon her arm.

"My God! You killed—" "Sh! No! Carolyn, are you a child?" Fitzhugh whispered. "One sound, and they are upon us. Be a woman! Remember—Fairfax!"

Again on, swiftly and noiselessly, to the skirt of woods, into its heart, through crisp, snow-clad underbrush, out into the open, a hundred yards beyond. There stood a noble horse saddled but untethered, a cavalry blanket wound about the pommel to form a lady's seat.

As Fitzhugh approached, the brute reared his muzzle, about to whinney, but was silent at his master's quick touch. "So-o, boy! Steady, Custer!" He turned to the girl, who started instinctively at the name. "That is his name; you must use it, for he knows no other. Nor does he know whip or need spur. Speak to him as you were his mistress, and he will carry you to safety and—freedom! Let him have his head—he knows every foot of road—until day breaks. Then you should be at Scruggs' farm. Take the left fork there. An hour's gallop should bring you to Rosser's advance, Col. Randolph in command. They are moving straight for Harper's Ferry to cut us off. They are in our rear!"—he hesitated an instant, speaking very slowly, as the girl stared blankly at him. "You understand; they are in our rear; and the general will not strike them at Beckley's Cross-Roads this morning as he expects. Now mount."

The man's tone had changed from that he had used in the hut. Perfectly respectful, he yet spoke in a voice of command that swayed the woman with a sense of power.

He held out his hand. Without hesitation she placed her foot in it, and was lifted lightly to saddle, the reins easy in her firm grasp, her foot in the thoughtfully shortened stirrup.

Then the man bared his head in the blinding, driving snow, speaking with quiet deference her lover lords had never used to Britain's virgin queen:

"You understand, Miss Clay; let Custer go his own way until you strike Scruggs'. Then the left fork and Rosser's advance—" He paused, listening intently. "No time to lose: I hear distant change of arms. The relief is out. God speed you and save—your boy!"

The woman sat motionless, wordless, as though she were in a dream and feared to wake and find it so. Suddenly she broke down, with a great effort half sobbing:

"Oh! I—should—thank— Oh! If—"

"Hush!" he answered, softly, but with a great tremor in his voice; and his hand, involuntarily stretched towards her, changed its direction and stroked caressingly the tense, wet neck of the horse, that rubbed its muzzle softly on his shoulder.

Then he turned away,—hesitated,—spoke:

"God! girl, do not tempt me—even for sake of you!—to say what I should not—must not! Go, Carolyn! Go! War is uncertain—my life in unusual peril. If you hear I have died the spy's death, pray for the soul you believe false to everything, the soul that God in Heaven,

looking on us now, knows true"—a half-sob bore the words—to you!"

The clank of arms came faintly on the wind. At his touch the horse moved softly on into the snowy road, the man standing still, with bared head and eyes upraised. Then, when the whirling eddies hid the rider from his sight, that bold rider, that reckless soldier, that traitor Virginian, fell upon his knees and dropped his face in his clasped hands.

Soon he rose, with gesture of defiance to the now clear-sounding arms, turned into the denser woods and strode rapidly away.

Five minutes later the relief reached the extra post at the hut. No sentry challenged; and the link New England sergeant, advancing warily, stumbled over the prostrate trooper, conscious, but sick and dizzy.

Calling the relief to advance, the sergeant raised the supposed offender as he muttered to himself:

"Can't blame him much! Might myself, such a nasty night. But where in 'tarnal thunder did he get the rum? Phew! Chloroform!"

## CHAPTER V. A BALTIMORE WAR PARTY.

A brilliant and representative gathering, but not a large one, had assembled in the handsomely-decorated parlors of Mrs. Gilmore Gray.

That fair and gracious hostess—still among the most attractive of the Monumental city's society leaders—was assisted in entertainment of distinguished guests by two brilliant daughters, noted belles in that city, among whose women beauty and refinement are the rule.

To both of these the Misses Westchester—for the fair matron had soled a sometime widowhood at the earnest pleading of Mr. Gilmore Gray, a noted club bachelor in supposed-to-be-imperfect armor—added travel, accomplishment and high culture of rare musical gifts. Miss Bessie, small, brunette and piquante, was a balladist second to none in that musical center; and her interpretation of German songs, especially, had repute scarce attained by the perfect mastery of her Erard piano, that showed under the strong, precise hands of her sister, blonde, imperious, stately, and Miss Westchester by grace of eighteen months' lapse.

About these handsome rooms comfortably moved a company rarely distinguished, even at a day when the strong current of national events bore on it the strongest, most cultured and best-known men and women of the land. And close vicinage to the national capital added to some Baltimore reunions the glitter of uniforms, military as well as diplomatic, and the glamour of great names.

Indeed, during the war time, Baltimore society was unique beyond any in America; and a broad, deep stream of sentiment—picketed on one side by defiant, outspoken feeling, on the other by prudence, sagacity, tact and ceaseless watchfulness—flowed through the social city, as dangerous and difficult to pass as the near-flowing Potomac.

But, if "the despot's heel" was really pressing on Maryland's shore, it certainly seemed shod in slipper of velvet at her capital of society and of commerce.

For—stronghold of southern sympathizers, the "rebel nest," as Washington held her to be—most of Baltimore's leading people had tact sufficient to keep their tongues still, however active they may have been otherwise in aid to struggling friend or relative beyond the border, however much of disgust may, in many instances, have lurked beneath the smile. Never professing "loyalty" as the word was then mistranslated, these were wise enough to repress all blatant hint of its opposite, well realizing that no good could possibly result therefrom, while one chance word might mar all future possibility of usefulness, even while resulting in immediate hurt or danger.

If not profound society peace, there reigned at least a social truce, sensitive, unformulated, liable to rupture on slight occasion; for it might have been of the social situation then that was written:

"Though ye conquer us, men of the north, know ye not  
What fierce, sullen hatred lurks under the scar?  
How loyal was Venice to Hapsburg, I wot!  
How dearly the Pole loves his father the czar!"

Yet under more than one roof which covered a family of the best old stock, every heart beating in perfect unison with the struggling southrons, were received men and women who widely differed in every public matter, but were wholly congenial in every social one. And that tactful grace which has ever been the chief charm of Baltimore society deftly rounded dangerous and treacherous headlands of opinion, to glide safely into these neutral waters of simple social contact.

Exceptions there were, even in such households, where the fair Marylander had thought her ear profaned by courteous address from the Yankee; her hand polluted by his social touch! Such openly paraded their sympathies and sang aloud the praises of their dear ones, self-exiled to do battle for the cause they knew to be right, even as the first crusaders battled for the sepulcher! And some of these defiant fair ones—fortunately, though, in rare exception—defied all orders and regulation, prayerfully imploring martyrdom by donning the confederate colors and—in at least two instances—wrapping themselves in the adored stars and bars, in full publicity.

As fearless as they were injudicious, some Baltimoreans not only brought suffering upon themselves, but willfully

nullified their chances to relieve that of those absent ones whose cause they so defended and revered. But the quiet and more tactful set, while doing nothing to hurt their own consciences, yet kept on easy terms with those of differing political color. And who shall blame them if, at the same time, they kept eye and ear alert for every chance which might profit distant friends, by ready hand or open purse? For many of these, also, had their next of kin in the southern army—some as humble privates, some, again, high in rank and sending echo of their names beyond the river for deeds of derring do.

Thus the social situation of the hour was one of exceeding delicacy, demanding for its solution not only tact and ease in society usage, but courage, intelligence, and diplomacy as well.

Of old historie family on both sides, and with unstinted means, the Gilmore Grays were facile leaders in the gayest events of that eventful winter; and tonight's musicale—simply an informal one, almost impromptu, to which guests had been bidden only the previous day—was eclipsed, in quality at least, by no previous occasion.

Miss Westchester had finished a sparkling rendering of a Chopin waltz, when her sister was led to the piano by a cabinet minister. The deep hush wrapping all in the music-room through the notes of Gounod's "Jewel Song"—for "Faust" was then a novelty in Paris—broke into spontaneous rush of gloved hands together, demanding its encore. The light of well-won praise lit the girl's richly colored face, as she raised her dark eyes from fringing lashes. Suddenly they fell upon a newcomer in the door-way, and the light quickly changed to a deeper and more meaning one. But she quickly dropped her face, and her fingers idly touched the keys again.

"Handsome fellow, that! quite distinguish," the cabinet member said, following her glance, then letting his own rest admiringly on the face she did not raise to reply:

"An old friend of—mamma's. Did you never meet him before, judge?"

"Scarcely possible," Miss Bessie, the dignitary answered, "Even among the thousands of new faces, I would not forget that one. But we are forgetting what is more important—the encore."

"It shall be a simple old ballad, then," she answered; and again she shot one swift glance into the dark eyes of Peyton Fitzhugh, elegantly languid in evening dress. He made no movement save to smooth, rather foppishly, the black hair brushed low on his broad brow. Next instant all the fire in the girl's vibrant soprano was ringing in that old rebel diary: "Charlie Is My Darling!" The elegant traitor listened, to the very last note, leaning lightly against the door frame, but with no changed expression on his strong, quiet face. Nor did he respond to—even if he caught—the quick glance the singer's eyes again sent him with the last note, but his gloved hand joined in the applause as the bachelor functionary at the piano, bending over the girl in evident admiration, said, softly:

"Envious 'Charlie,' Miss Bessie. But you certainly do sing Scotch ballads con amore."

"Thank you," she answered. "Simple, unscientific as they are, some of them are great favorites of mine. This, for instance—"

She broke quickly into the lilting melody: "All the Blue Bonnets Are Over the Border." But the glance she sent to the doorway as its accompaniment was lost. Fitzhugh had been replaced by a blonde youth wearing per-



A CHARACTER IN HIS OWN PATENTED WAY.

fect clothes, and his own particular smile upon his fair, chiseled features, undeniably aristocratic. His own particular knock, too, elevated his arched eyebrows wonderingly, yet never wrinkling his soft, boyish forehead. A character in his own patented way, hiding carefully any strength of character he had, universally popular for plainly admirable traits and perfect manners, was Mr. William Howard McKee.

A noted "society man," spite of his unattained majority and almost girlish gentleness, he was descended from "a signer" on his mother's side, from wealthy ancestry on both. He was, too, a budding wit, whose good heart and unfailing tact made him as popular with the club set as he was with the "german" by divine right of heels.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Mrs. Anna Sutherland

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